ALWAYS GROWING.

I hold this true—whoever wins
Man's highest stature here below,
Must grow and never cease to grow—
For when growth ceases death begins.
—Alice Carey.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

One evening in April three years ago found me standing on the pavement in front of the Euston Square station in London. I had crossed the ocean like any other tourist, simply to see the great city of the world.

The next morning I started out on a voyage of exploration. Chance led me to cross London bridge. A gang of laborers was repairing the roadway, and when I asked a bystander what the trouble was, he moodily answered with one word, "dynamite."

That same afternoon I went to the South Kensington museum. Signs were posted up at every entrance to the effect that nobody carrying a bag or parcel would be admitted. Corridors and exhibition chambers were patrolled by stalwart policemen, who closely watched the visitors. Wishing to see some models of railroad machinery, I happened to ask an officer their whereabouts. In doing so I unconsciously made use of an American idiom of speech. From that moment I was a marked man.

In whatever hall I wandered I could see a policeman's eye fixed upon me. Once I strolled in among a collection of antique engines and boilers. When I had finished my inspection and had left the chamber I saw, through the glass partition, a big officer carefully go over the path I had taken, cautiously open the boiler doors, stick his head into the furnaces and poke among the machinery with his staff.

Oh, I knew what he was looking for, and the blood rushed rapidly to my cheek. What if an explosion should really occur while I was in the building? There was hardly any more evidence against Cunningham and Burton, since hanged for the Tower mystery and then confined in Newgate.

I thought of this, and it made me a sorry specimen of a tourist. Every time I heard a little noise a shudder ran up my spine. I was afraid to leave the museum in precipitation lest I might be arrested as a suspicious character. And the more I brooded over my danger the more nervous I became, till my knees fairly tottered with anguish of spirit. Every policeman, I fancied, was looking sternly at me, as much as to say, "Ah, ha! me covey, you can't play any of your little games on us."

At length I managed to totter out of the establishment more dead than alive, when some strange attraction drew me beside a gentleman from Chicago, whose face told me that he had gone through a similar ordeal.

Dynamite was the theme of conversation in hotel, coffee house, railway carriage—in fact, everywhere.

The Tower, the monument and British museum had all been closed to the public and vigilant watch kept upon them day and night. At all the big railroad stations policemen patrolled the platforms and were stationed in the baggage rooms. For a traveler to carry a valise or parcel on the underground line made him the victim of all sorts of police surveillance. A detective employed by this company assured me that over 2,000 spies, both government and special officers, had been employed at that time to guard the inner and outer circles of the road.

It was a stirring time when London trembled with fear and the police detective saw glory and promotion above the gibbet of the suspect.

I had been commissioned to carry a message from America of a purely social nature to Mr. Thomas P. O'Connor, one of the Irish members of parliament. One evening about a week before I left London I called upon that gentleman at his chambers in the parliament mansions, off of Victoria street, Westminster. After a pleasant chat of perhaps an hour I departed.

When I emerged upon Victoria street I noticed a middle aged man who I saw at once was watching my actions. I hurried along up past the houses of parliament and turned off near the Charing Cross station, on to the Thames embankment. When I looked back after a short time I saw that the man was following. I quickened my pace until I reached Blackfriars' bridge, when I walked over to the Ludgate Hill station of the Chatham and Dover railway, as I had promised myself a trip to the Crystal Palace that night. I purchased a ticket to Sydenham, and, just as the train drew in to the platform, my pursuer came up stairs and entered a compartment of the same carriage in which I was seated.

When I alighted with the crowd and entered the grounds of the Crystal Palace, I fancied that I had got the best of the gentleman. But judge of my surprise when about midnight, as I returned to the railway station, I saw him languidly strolling to and fro upon the platform. I felt angry. But what could I do? If I had accused him of tracking me he would no doubt indignantly have informed me that he had as much right to visit the Crystal Palace as I had. But I would now give him a dose to remember me by. I was then stopping at Forest Gate, a suburb away off at the other side of London, and I determined to walk home. Years of journalistic work in New York had made me a good pedestrian. So off I started with the strange man behind me.

I gained the Dulwich road, which was comparatively deserted and dark with the shadow of overhanging boughs, and struck out for glory. Mile after mile I covered, till Herne Hill, Tulse Hill and Denmark Hill were left behind and the more thickly settled region of Camberwell became visible in the moonlight. Still the man followed.

Around Camberwell Green, down the road of the same name, into the Walworth road, then past the Elephant and Castle into the Borough High street, and then on to London bridge, where I halted for refreshments at a sidewalk coffee stand.

There was a similar institution on the other parapet, and to my great surprise my pursuer calmly approached it and also indulged in a cup of coffee, mopping his brow the while.

Then on once more like the wind. Across the bridge into King William street, up Grace Church street past the bank and Crosby hall, into Bishop's Gate street, and so on into Shoreditch.

A turn to the right into Commercial street brought me into the Whitechapel road, and then at renewed speed I scudded up the Mile End road to Bow. Past Bow church I hurried, and just as the clock was striking 3 I threw myself on a bench in the market place in front of Stamford church. A lively walk it had been. I could see nothing now of my pursuer, although I knew he had not given up the chase. I sat there for perhaps twenty minutes under the dark sky, smoking a cigar and watching an occasional farm wagon that rumbled slowly down the Rumford road.

Then off again I started past Maryland Point, until the red signal lights outside the Forest Gate railway shone out through the haze of the rapidly approaching dawn. When I mounted the stoop of my residence the man suddenly appeared at the corner of the avenue.

I bowed sarcastically to him, but, without a sign of recognition, he turned upon his heel and disappeared. I had got square with him anyway. Then I entered the house and went up stairs to bed.

Five days later I stood upon the deck of the Inman steamship City of Berlin, which was lying in the Mersey, off Birkenhead. The passengers were all aboard, and an hour would find us steaming down the channel, with New Brighton on the lee.

I had deposited the good sized portmanteau which I carried in the little room assigned me, and was standing beneath an awning near the mizzenhatch conversing with Chief Officer Charles Robinson, when some one tapped me upon the shoulder.

I turned, to behold a man attired in a tall hat, a fashionable light suit, with a massive gold chain hiding the expanse of a white silk vest.

"I would like to see you for a moment," he said, pleasantly.

I followed him aft to the taffrail, where he halted.

"Now," said he, in a very different tone of voice, "I would like to know who is accompanying you to America?"

"No one," I replied, promptly.

"Are you sure," he went on sternly, "that you have no friend on board here—some one whom you are trying to smuggle out of England?"

"No," I retorted simply, "I have not."

"What made you act so suspiciously in London?" continued the gentleman.

"In what way?" I asked with a sudden start. I could feel my blood growing cold.

"Do you remember the night you went to Westminster—to the parliament mansions?"

I must confess that I experienced a feeling of awe at that moment for the English police department.

"I presume," I said, with a little laugh, "that you mistake me for a dynamiter. But had you been as careful in looking up my good qualities you would have ascertained that I simply came to England to visit relatives and enjoy myself."

Then the gentleman grew very pleasant again and imparted to me in strict confidence the opinion of a certain London detective that I was a great pedestrian. He even went so far as to point out the various places of interest on the Birkenhead shore, until at last he suddenly excused himself for a moment, he said.

That was the last I saw of him. As the tender steamed off simultaneously with the disappearance I supposed he was one of its passengers. But now for the strange incident.

When I awoke next morning I found Queenstown harbor fading in the distance. A brisk wind was blowing and I suddenly remembered a cloth helmet which I had purchased in London to wear during the trip across. I ran down to my cabin and opened the portmanteau. But where was the cloth helmet? I distinctly remembered to have packed it away on top of my clothing just before leaving Forest Gate, so that it would be at hand when I needed it. After removing a few articles I found it wedged up on one side of the portmanteau. But how did it get there? Everything was disarranged. This was not the way I had packed up my things before leaving London.

I saw it all now! While that detective had kept me engaged in conversation, as the City of Berlin was lying in the Mersey, others had gone down into my room and overhauled the contents of my valise. They had hoped to find some evidence to confirm the suspicion which a foolish whim of mine had caused to be cast upon me.

At the last moment they had thrown a web about me—a web which would have drawn the guilty to the scaffold.—Philadelphia Press.

Production of "Old Masters."

There is no doubt that in London, Paris and elsewhere fraudulent pictures are produced systematically and on an extensive scale. One of our daily contemporaries, dealing with this subject lately, asserts that half the old masters which go to America are painted in Paris. These manufactured pictures are not really the work of any one man, but are made up of that of several. For example, one artist will paint the sky, a second the trees, a third the foreground and a fourth the water, another will do the figures or cattle, and so on, according to the specialties of the different men. Indeed, the division of labor is carried on in making this class of picture as in any other manufacture. It is not to say that because a picture is built up of several people's labor that it is necessarily bad as a work of art, but it is certainly a fraud upon the purchaser if it is sold as the work of art of one of the old masters.—British Journal of Photography.

Simplicity of Danish Royalty.

Contradicting the current fiction that the czarina makes the dresses of her children, Mr. Labouchere remarks that the czarina and all her sisters acted as their own maids and dressmakers in early life, simply because the present king and queen of Denmark could not then afford either to buy their things or to provide them with attendants, as their income did not exceed $5,000 a year altogether, and they had six children, all of whom have achieved great marriages, the Princess of Wales being the first to make a coup. The sons have been as fortunate as the daughters, for the crown princess of Denmark, who was the only child of the late king of Sweden by his marriage with the Princess Louise of the Netherlands, inherited a fortune which could only be counted by millions from her mother; and Prince Waldemar obtained a settlement of $40,000 a year when he married the daughter of the Duc de Chartres.—New York Tribune.

The Population of Mexico.

Possibly there are 1,500,000 white men, properly so called, in Mexico, and, as I have shown, they are differentiated among themselves by climate. Then there are mixed bloods to the number of about 2,500,000 approximately, and these, scattered over the republic, differ in many ways through climatic causes. Then come about 6,000,000 Indians, some very much civilized, some semi-civilized and others barbarous. Of the barbarous Indians some are peaceful enough, and others, like the Chan Santa Cruz Indians of the Yucatan peninsula, are fierce and warlike. The Yaquis of Sonora may be taken as examples of semi-civilized Indians. These Indian races speak different languages, though many tribes use Spanish to a greater or less extent according to the measure of their contact with white men.—Cor. Boston Herald.

EAT THE SIMPLEST FOOD.

How Jay Gould Stands the Strain of Business—A Good Dietetic Rule.

The very best living is compatible with the greatest simplicity, and the complex variety of the set feasts of today is, as a matter of fact, incompatible with really good living. Jay Gould, talking about eating some time ago, said: "I do not believe that any man can stand the strain of a large business unless he lives on the simplest food he can get. I am very fond of baked potatoes. They are about the simplest things you can eat. I do not care for what are called fancy dishes. Plain meats and vegetables, good bread, good butter and good milk are my staples. I don't mean that I do not like some dishes that I cannot eat with impunity, but I am lucky enough not to care much about them. I remember once at a public dinner I ate some dish which was very good to the taste, but I was sick for a week after it.

"Now, when I go to a heavy dinner, I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game, and some plain potatoes or peas—or, in fact, any vegetable that is served without sauce. These sauces spoil the food for me. Then for the rest of the time I sit at the table, play with something on my plate, and pass the time as well as I can."

Why is Jay Gould's opinion about food any better than that of any other man? Simply because he has succeeded better than most men in associating causes with effects, and is beyond question a leading expert as to causes, and food is a prime cause.

Simplicity, then, is invaluable as a characteristic of good food. It is also a characteristic of the most refined gastronomy, for there is a simplicity of elegance as well as a simplicity of coarseness. The ash cake and molasses of the Alabama field hand is a simple meal. The ash cake is merely a lump of paste of corn meal and water buried and baked in hot ashes. But a canvas back, plainly and properly cooked, with a glass or two of rare, pure old wine, is just as simple. Nothing but the best is good enough for any man who can get the best, and it is well to remember that quality being equal, the simplest food is the best.

What, then, shall we eat? There is the best medical authority for saying, "eat whatever you want." The rule, like all others, has its limitations. A man who is suffering from the gastronomical crimes of the past, who has little by little destroyed his healthy appetite and substituted therefor a morbid craving for abhorrent mixtures, may no longer go on in his sins without fresh pangs for every fresh offense. "But," the reader will say, "this is a flat contradiction of the first dictum, 'eat what you want,' and the whole theory becomes an absurdity."

Not so fast. If your stomach is already ruined, you are exempt. But if it be ruined, you will please remember that it was not ruined by intelligent eating or eating to compliance with the real demands of your stomach and your appetite. It may have been because you ate when you didn't want to, or did not eat when you wanted to, or from some other cause than eating. Perhaps your ancestors spoiled it for you, but don't make the mistake of supposing that nature, unless it is interfered with, will give you an appetite for any food that your stomach can't take care of.—New York Mail and Express.

Waste of Ammunition.

In the new school of the soldier, called for because of the adoption of the magazine rifle, a principal difficulty, and one not yet met, is the prevention of reckless and wasteful extravagance in ammunition. A decided inclination has been observed among old as well as young soldiers to be less saving than formerly. The German or French soldier, if he likes, may fire say twenty rounds in a minute, and the reduction of the size and weight of the bullet and powder enables him to carry half again as many cartridges as before. In times of excitement, should he lose his head, that is to say, his wits, he might empty his cartouche box and also his bandolier at short notice, so short, indeed, that when the enemy should really come up, and quick firing would be of vital moment, he would be practically powerless.

A famous American revolutionary general commanded his men to "wait till you see the whites of their eyes," referring to the enemy, and thus he made sure there would not be any ammunition wasted. After the same idea the German and French officers are trying to instruct their men, but they have discovered that a soldier fires with more or less care, according to the difficulties of loading his piece and the number of shots he has left him.—Scientific American.

An Autocrat in Social Life.

Two ladies who live neighbors on Trumbull avenue have never called on each other because, as they both moved there at the same time, they could never decide which one was to make the first call.

For the same reason they have never spoken to each other, but have waited to be formally introduced. A few days ago there arose a slight disturbance between the children of the two families, and the least ceremonious of the two ladies took this occasion to step over to her neighbor's veranda and offer an olive branch of peace.

"I am sorry that my little girl should have annoyed yours. She acknowledges that she was in the wrong. I will see that it does not happen again."

The other lady stared icily through her gold eye-glasses, and, turning to the nurse girl at her side, inquired in her most supercilious tones:

"Is she speaking to me?"

The girl repeated what had been said to her mistress.

"Tell her I accept the apology," said that lady haughtily, and, turning, she withdrew to her house.

Could royalty have been more arrogant?—Detroit Free Press.

Laughing at Love Letters.

Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and conditions, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to hear love letters read, and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it were the latest and best of Gilbert's operatic jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men of just such "silliness," if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. No man or woman was ever thoroughly in love—and not to have been there, we are informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least—who didn't say and do "silly" things. Why, then, does everybody feel such an irresistible inclination to deride the manuscript love making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? Why ridicule a universal trait?—Kansas City Journal.